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Miscellany.

Indian Summer.

There is a time, just when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's sway,
When Autumn in a reverie lost,
The mellow daytime dreams away:
When summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland's shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his sceptre and his throne,
With boisterous hand the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Autumn, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

November.

"No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member;
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no buds—NOVEMBER!"

MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY.

Complete in Eight Numbers---No. 6.

CHAPETR VII.

Caterina tore herself from Anthony with the desperit effort of one who had just self-reccollection enough left to be conscious that the fumes of charcoal will master his senses unless he bursts a way for himself to the freash air; but when she reached her own room, she was srill to intoxicated with that momentary revival of old emotions, to much agitated by the sudden return of tenderness in her lover, to know whether pain or pleasure predominated. It was as if a miracle had happened in her little world of feeling had made the future all vague—a dim morning haze of possibilities, instead of the sombre wintry daylight and clear rigid outline of painful certainty.

She felt the need of rapid movement. She must walk out in spite of the rain. Happily, there was a thin place in the curtain of clouds which seem to promise that now, about noon, the day had a mind to clear up. Caterina thought to herself, "I will walk to the Mosslands, and carry Mr. Bates the comforter I have made for him and then Lady Chever.l will not wonder so much at my going out." At the hall door she found Rupert, the old bloodhound, stationed on the mat, with the determination that the first person who was sensible enough to take a walk that morning should have the honor of his appobation and society. As he thrust his great black and tawny head under her hand, and wagged his tail with vigorous eloquence, and reached the climax of his welcome by jumping up to lick her face, which was at a convenient licking height for him, Caterina felt quite grateful to the old dog for his friendliness. Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

"The Mosslands was a remote part of the grounds, incircled by the little stream issuing from the pool and certainly, for a wet day, Caterina could hardly have chosen a less suitable walk for though the rain was abating, and presently ceased altogether, there was still a smart shower falling from the trees which arched over the greater part of her way. But she found just the desired relief from her feverish excitement in labouring along the wet paths with an umbrella that made her arm ache. This amount of exertion was to her tiny body what a day's hunting often was to Mr. Gilfil, who at times had *his* fits of jealousy and sadness to get rid of, and wisely had recourse to nature's innocent opium—fatigue.

When Caterina reached the pretty arched wooden bridge which formed the only entrance to the Mosslands for any but webbed feet, the sun had mastered the clouds and was shining through the boughs of the tall elms that made a deep nest for the gardener's cottage—turning the raindrops into diamonds, and inviting the nasturtium flowers creeping over the porch and low-thatched roof to lift up their flame-coloured heads once more. The rooks were cawing with many-voiced monotony, apparently—by a remarkable approximation to human intelligence—finding great conversational resources in the change of weather. The mossy turf, studded with broard blades of bulbous plants told that Mr. Bate's nest was rather damp in the best of weather; but he was of the opinion that a little external moisture would hurt no man who was not preversely neglectful of that obvious and providential antidote, rum-and-water.

Caterina loved this nest. Every object in it every sound that haunted it, had been familiar to her from the days when she had been carried thither on Mr. Bate's arm, making little cawing noises to imitate the rooks, clapping her hands at the green frogs leaping in the moist grass, and fixing grave eyes on the gardener's fowls cluck-clucking under their pens. And now the spot looked prettier to her than ever; it was so out of the way of Miss Assher, with her brilliant beauty, and personal claims, and small civil remarks. She thought Mr. Bates would not be come in from his dinner yet, so she would sit down and wait for him.

But she was mistaken. Mr. Bates was seated in his arm chair, with his pocket-handkerchief thrown over his face, as the most eligible mode of passing away those superfluous hours between meals when the weather drives a man indoors. Roused by the furious barking of his chained bullbog, he discried his little favorite approaching, and forthwith presented himself at the doorway, looking disproportionately tall compared with the height of his cottage. The bulldog, meanwhile, unbent from the severity of his official demeanour, and commenced a friendly interchange of ideas with Rupert.

Mr. Bate's hair was now grey, but his frame was none the less stalwart, and his face looked all the redder, making an artistic contrast with the deep blue of his cotton neckerchief, and of his linen apron twisted into a girdle round his waist.

"Why dang my bottoms, Miss Tiny," he exclaimed, "hoo coom ye to come oot dabblin your faet laike a little Muscovy duck, sich a day as this? Not but what ai'm delaighted to sae ye. Here Hesther," he called out to his old humpbacked house-keeper, "tek the young lady's oombrella an' spread it oot to dray. Coom, coom in Miss Tiny, an' set ye doon by the faire an' dry yer faet, an' hev summat warm to kape ye from ketchin' coold."

Mr. Bates led the way, stooping under the door-places, into his small sitting-room, and, shaking the patch-work cushion in his arm-chair, moved it to within a good roasting distance of the blazing fire.

"Thank you, uncle Bates," (Caterina kept up her childish epithets for her friends, and this was one of them); "not quite so close to the fire, for I am warm with walking."

"Eh, but yer shoes are faine an' wet, an' ye must put up yer faet on the finder. Rare big faet, baint 'em?—aboot the saize of a good big spoon. I woonder ye can mek a shift to stan' on 'em. Now, what'll ye hev to warm yer insaide? a drop o' hot elder-wain, now?"

"No, not anything to drink, thank you; it isn't very long since breakfast," said Caterina, drawing out the comforter from her deep pocket. Pockets were capacious in those days. "Look here, uncle Bates; here is what I came to bring you. I made it on purpose for you. You must wear it this winter, and give your red one to old Brooks."

"Eh, Miss Tiny, this *is* a beauty. An' ye made it all wi' yer little fingers for an old feller laike mae! I tek it very kind on ye, an' I belave ye I'll wear it, an' be prood on't too.—These straipes, blue an' whaite, now, they mek it uncommon pritty."

"Yes, that will suit your complexion, you know, better than the old scarlet one. I know Mrs. Sharp will be more in love with you than ever when she sees you in the new one."

"My complexion, ye little roogue! ye're a-laughin' at me. But talkin' o' complexions, what a beautiful cooler the bride as is to be hes on her cheeks! Dang my boottons! she looks faine an' handsome o' hossback—sits as upright as a dart, wi' a figure like a statty! Misthress Sharp has promised to put me behaind one o' the doors when the ladies are comin' doon to dinner, so as I may see the young un i' full dress, wi' all her curls an' that. Misthress Sharp says she's amost beautifuller nor my ledy was when she was young; an' I think ye'll noot faind many i' the counthry as'll coom up to that."

"Yes, Miss Assher is very handsome," said Caterina, rather faintly, feeling the sense of her own insignificance returning at this picture of the impression Miss Assher made on others.

"Well, an' I hope she's good, too, an'll mek a good naice to Sir Cristhifer an' my ledy.—Misthress Griffin, the maid, says she's rather tatchy on' find-fautin' aboot her cloothes, laike. But she's young—she's young; that'll wear off when she's got a hoosband, an' children, an' summat else to think on. Sir Cristhifer's fain an' delaignted, I can see. He says to me th' other mornin', says he, 'Well, Bates, what do you think of your young misthress as is to be?' An' I says, 'Whay, yer honor, I think she's as fain a lass as iver I set eyes on; an' I wish the Captain luck in a fain family, an' yer honor laife an' health to see't.' Mr. Warren says as the masther's all for forradin' the weddin', an' t'il very laike be afore th' autumn's oot."

As Mr. Bates ran on, Caterina felt something like a painful contraction at her heart. "Yes," she said, rising, "I dare say it will. Sir Christopher is very anxious for it. But I must go, uncle Bates; Lady Cheverel will be wanting me, and it is your dinner-time."

"Nay, my dinner doont sinnify a bit; but I moosn't kaep ye if my ledy wants ye. Though I hevn'n thanked ye half anoof for the comfiter—the wrap-raskil, as they call't. My feckins, it's a beauty. But ye look very whaite and sadly, Miss Tiny: I doubt ye're poorly; an' this walkin' i' th' wet isn't good for ye."

"O yes, it is indeed," said Caterina, hastening out, and taking up her umbrella from the kitchen door. "I must really go now; so good-by."

She tripped off, calling Rupert, while the good gardener, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, stood looking after her and shaking his head with rather a melancholy air.

"She gets moor nesh and dillicat than iver,' he said, half to himself and half to Hester.—"I shouldn't wonder if she fades away, laike them cyclaymens as I transplanted. She puts me i' maind on 'em somehow, hangin' on their little thin stalks, so whaite an' tinder."

The poor little thing made her way back, no longer hungering for the cold moist air as a counteractive of inward excitement, but with a chill at her heart which made the outward chill only depressing. The golden sunlight beamed through the dripping boughs like a Shechinah, or visible presence, and the birds were chirping and trilling their new autumnal songs so sweetly, it seemed as if their throats, as well as the air, were all the clearer for the rain; but Caterina moved through all this joy and beauty like a poor wounded leveret painfully dragging its little body through the sweet clover-tufts—for it, sweet in vain. Mr. Bates's words about Sir Christopher's joy, Miss Assher's beauty, and the nearness of the wedding, had come upon her like the pressure of a cold hand, rousing her from confused dozing to a perception of hard, familiar realities. It is so with emotional natures, whose thoughts are more than the fleeting shadows cast by feeling: to them words are facts, and, even when known to be false, have a mastery over their smiles and tears.—Caterina entered her own room again with no other change from her former state of despondency and wretchedness than an additional sense of injury from Anthony. His behavior towards her in the morning was a new wrong. To snatch a caress when she justly claimed an expression of penitence, of regret, of sympathy, was to make more light of her than ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

That evening Miss Assher seemed to carry herself with unusual haughtiness, and was coldly observant of Caterina. There was unmistakably thunder in the air. Captain Wybrow appeared to take the matter easily, and was inclined to brave it out by paying more than ordinary attention to Caterina. Mr. Gilfil had induced her to play a game at draughts with him, Lady Assher being seated at picquet with Sir Christopher, and Miss Assher in determined conversation with Lady Cheverel. Anthony, thus left as an odd unit, sauntered up to Caterina's chair, and leaned behind, watching the game. Tina, with all the remembrances of the morning thick upon her, felt her cheeks becoming more and more crimson, and at last said impatiently, "I wish you would go away."

This happened directly under the view of Miss Assher, who saw Caterina's reddening cheeks, saw that she said something impatiently, and that Captain Wybrow moved away in consequence. There was another person, too, who had noticed this incident with strong interest, and who was moreover aware that Miss Assher not only saw, but keenly observed what was passing. That other person was Mr. Gilfil, and he drew some painful conclusions which heightened his anxiety for Caterina.

The next morning, in spite of the fine weather, Miss Assher declined riding, and Lady Cheverel, perceiving that there was something wrong between the lovers, took care that they should be left together in the drawing-room. Miss Assher, seated on the sofa near the fire, was busy with some fancy-work, in which she seemed bent on making great progress this morning.—Captain Wybrow, sat opposite, with a newspaper in his hand, from which he read extracts elaborately easy air, wilfully unconscious of the contemptuous silence with which she pursued her filagree work. At length he put down the paper, which he could no longer pretend not to have exhausted, and Miss Assher then said,—

"You seem to be on very intimate terms with Miss Sarti."

"With Tina? oh yes; she has always been the pet of the house, you know. We have been quite brother and sister together."

"Sisters don't generally color so very deeply when their brothers approach them."

"Does she color? I never noticed it. But she's a timid little thing."

"It would be much better if you would not be so hypocritical, Captain Wybrow. I am confident there has been some flirtation between you. Miss Sarti, in her position, would never speak to you with the petulance she did last night, if you had not given her some kind of claim on you."

"My dear Beatrice, now do be reasonable; do ask yourself what earthly probability there is that I should think of flirting with poor little Tina. *Is* there anything about her to attract that sort of attention? She is more child than woman. One thinks of her as a little girl to be petted and played with."

"Pray, what were you playing at with her yesterday morning, when I came in unexpectedly, and her cheeks were flushed and her hands trembling?"

"Yesterday morning?—O, I remember. You know I always teaze her about Gilfil, who is over head and ears in love with her; and she is angry at that,—perhaps, because she likes him. They were old playfellows years before I came here, and Sir Christopher has set his heart on their marrying."

"Captain Wybrow, you are very false. It had nothing to do with Mr. Gilfil that she colored last night when you leaned over her chair. You might just as well be candid. If your own mind is not made up, pray do no violence to yourself. I am quite ready to give way to Miss Sarti's superior attractions. Understand that, so far as I am concerned, you are perfectly at liberty. I decline any share in the affection of a man who forfeits my respect by duplicity.

In saying this, Miss Assher rose and was sweeping haughtily out of the room, when Captain Wybrow placed himself before her, and took her hand.

"Dear, dear Beatrice, be patient; do not judge me so rashly. Sit down again, sweet," he added in a pleading voice, pressing both her hands between his, and leading her back to the sofa, where he sat down beside her. Miss Assher was not unwilling to be led back or to listen, but she retained her cold and haughty expression.

"Can you not trust me, Beatrice? Can you not believe me although there may be things I am unable to explain?"

'Why should there be anything you are unable to explain? An honourable man will not be placed in circumstances which he cannot explain to the woman he seeks to make his wife. He will not ask her to believe that he acts properly; he will let her know that he does so. Let me go, sir."

She attempted to rise, but he passed his hand round her waist and detained her.

"Now, Beatrice dear," he said imploringly, "can you understand that there are things a man doesn't like to talk about—secrets that he must keep for the sake of others, and not for his own sake? Everything that relates to myself you may ask me, but do not ask me to tell other people's secrets. Don't you understand me?"

"O yes," said Miss Assher scornfully, "I understand. Whenever you make love to a woman—that is her secret, which you are bound to keep for her. But it is folly to be talking this way, Captain Wybrow. It is very plain that there is some relation more than friendship existing between you and Miss Sarti. Since you cannot explain that relation, there is no more to be said between us."

"Confound it, Beatrice! you'll drive me mad. Can a fellow help a girl's falling in love with him? Such things are always happening, but men don't talk of them. These fancies will spring up without the slightest foundation, especially when a woman sees few people; they die out again when there is no encouragement. If you could like me, you ought not to be surprised that other people can; you ought to think the better of them for it."

"You mean to say, then, that Miss Sarti is in love with you, without your ever having made love to her."

"Do not press me to say such things, dearest. It is enough that you know I love you—that I am devoted to you. You naughty queen you, you know there is no chance for any one else where you are. You are only tormenting me, to prove your power over me. But don't be too cruel: for you know they say I have another heart-disease besides love, and these scenes bring on terrible palpitations."

"But I must have an answer to this one question," said Miss Assher, a little softened, "Has there been, or is there, any love on your side towards Miss Sarti? I have nothing to do with her feelings, but I have a right to know yours."

"I like Tina very much; who would not like such a little simple thing? You would not wish me me not to like her? But love—that is a different affair. One has a brotherly affection for such a woman as Tina; but it is another sort of woman that one loves."

These last words were made doubly sifinificant by a look of tenderness, and a kiss imprinted on the hand Captain Wybrow held in his. Miss Assher was conquered. It was so far from probable that Anthony should love that pale insignificant little thing—so highly probable that he should adore the beautiful Miss Assher. On the whole, it was rather gratifying that other women should be languishing for her handsome lover; he really was an exquisite creature. Poor Miss Sarti! Well, she would get over it.

Captain Wybrow saw his advantage. 'Come, sweet love," he continued, "let us talk no more about unpleasant things. You will keep Tina's secret, and be very kind to her—won't you?—for my sake. But you will ride out now? See what a glorious day it is for riding. Let me order the horses. I'm terribly in want of the air. Come, give me one forgiving kiss, and say you will go."

Miss Assher complied with the double request, and then went to equip herself for the ride, while her lover walked to the stables.

CHAPTER IX.

Meanwhile Mr. Gilfil, who had a heavy weight on his mind, had watched for the moment when, the two elder ladies having driven our Caterina would probably be alone in Lady Cheverel's sitting-room. He went up and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the sweet mellow voice, always thrilling to him as the sound of rippling warer to the thirsty.

He entered and found Caterina standing in some confusion, as if she had been startled from a reverie. She felt relieved when she saw it was Maynard, but, the next moment felt a little pettish that he should have come to interrupt and frighten her.

"Oh, is it you, Maynard! Do you want Lady Cheverel?"

"No, Caterina," he answered gravely; "I want you. I have something very particular to say to you. Will you let me sit down with you for half an hour?"

"Yes dear old preacher," said Caterina, sitting down with an air of weariness; "what is it:"

Mr. Gilfil placed himself opposite to her, and said, "I hope you will not be hurt, Caterina, by what I am going to say to you. I do not speak from any other feelings than real affection and anxiety for you. I put everything else out of the question. You know that you are more to me than all the world: but I will not thrust before you a feeling which you are unable to return. I speak to you as a brother—the old Maynard that used to scold you for getting your fishing-line tangled ten years ago. You will not believe that I have any mean, selfish motive in mentioning things that are painful to you."

"No; I know you are very good," said Caterina abstractedly.

"From what I saw yesterday evening," Mr. Gilfil went on, hesitating and colouring slightly, "I am led to fear—pray forgive me if I am wrong, Caterina—that you—that Captain Wybrow is base enough still to trifle with your feelings, that he still allows himself to behave to you as no man ought who is the declared lover of another woman."

"What do you mean Maynard?" said Caterina, with anger flashing from her eyes. "Do you mean that I let him make love to me? What do you mean that you saw yesterday evening?"

"Do not be angry, Caterina. I don't suspect you of doing wrong. I only suspect that that heartless puppy of behaving so as to keep awake feelings in you that not only destroy your own peace of mind, but may lead to very bad consequences in regard to others. I want to warn you that Miss Assher has her eyes open oa what passes between you and Captain Wybrow, and I feel sure she is getting jealous of you. Pray be very careful, Caterina, and try to behave with true politeness and indifference to him. You must see by this time that he is not worth the feeling you have given him. He's more disturbed at his pulse beating one too many in a minute, than at all the misery he has caused you by his foolish trifling."

"You ought not to speak so of him, Maynard," said Caterina, passionately. "He is not what you think. He *did* care for me; He *did* love me; only he wanted to do what his uncle wished."

"O to be sure! I know it is only from the most virtuous motives that he does what is convenient to himself."

Mr. Gilfill paused. He felt that he was getting irritated, and defeating his own object. Presently he continued in a calm and affectionate tone.

"I will say no more about what I think of him, Caterina. But whether he loved you or not, his position now with Miss Assher is such that any love you may cherish for him can only bring misery. God knows, I don't expect you to leave off loving him at a moment's notice.—Time and absence, and trying to do what is right are the only cures. If it were not that Sir Topher and Lady Cheverel would be displeased and puzzled at your wishing to leave home just now I would beg you to pay a visit to my sister. The and her husband are good creatures, and would make their house a home for you. But I could not urge the thing just now without giving a special reason, and what is most of all to be dreaded, is the raising of any suspicion in Sir Christopher's mind of what has happened in the past, or of your present feelings. You think so to, don't you, Tina?"

Mr. Gilfil paused again, but Caterina made no reply. She was looking away from him out of the window, and her eyes were filling with tears. He rose, and advancing a little towards her, held ont his hand and said,—

"Forgive me, Caterina, for intruding on your feelings in this way. I was so afraid you might not be aware how Miss Assher watched you.—Remember, I entreat you, that the peace of the whole family depends on your power of governing yourself. Only say you forgive me before I go."

"Dear, good Maynard," she said, stretching out her little hand, and taking two of his large fingers in her grasp, while her tears flowed fast; "I am very cross to you. But my heart is breaking. I don't know what I do. Good-by.'

He stooped down, kissed the little hand, and then left the room.

"The cursed scoundrel!" he muttered between his teeth, as he closed the door behind him. "If it were not for Sir Christopher, I should like to pound him into paste to poison puppies like himself!"

CHAPTER X.

That evening Captain Wybrow, returning from a long ride with Miss Assher, went up to his dressing-room, and seated himself with an air of considerable lassitude before his mirror. The reflection there presented of his exquisite self was certainly paler and more worn than usual, and might excuse the anxiety with which he first felt his pulse, and then laid his hand on his heart.

"It's a devil of a position this for a man to be in," was the train of his thought, as he kept his eyes fixed on the glass, while he leaned back in his chair, and crossed his hands behind his head; "between two jealous women, and both of them as ready to take fire as tinder. And in my state of health too! I should be glad enough to run away from the whole affair, and go off to some lotos eating place or other where there are no women, or only women who are too sleepy to be jealous. Here am I, doing nothing to please myself, trying to do the best thing for everybody else, and all the comfort I get is to have fire shot at me from women's eyes, and venom spirited at me from women's tongues. If Beatrice takes another jealous fit into her head—and it's likely enough. Tina is so unmanageable—I don't know what storm she may raise. And any hitch in this marriage, especially of that sort, might be a fatal business for the old gentleman. I wouldn't have such a blow fall upon him for a great deal. Besides, a man must be married some time in his life, and I could hardly do better than marry Beatrice She's an uncommonly fine woman, and I'm really very fond of her; and as I shall let her have her own way, her temper won't signify much. I wish the wedding was over and done with, for this fuss doesn't suit me at all. I haven't been half so well lately. That scene about Tina this morning quite upset me. Poor little Tina! What a little simpleton it was, to set her heart on me in that way! But she ought to see how impossible is it that things should be different. If she would but understand how kindly I feel towards her, and make up her mind to look on me as a friend;—but that is what one never can get a women to do. Beatrice is very good natured; I'm sure she would be kind to the little thing. It would be a great comfort if Tina would take to Gilfil, if it were only in anger against me. He'd make her a capital husband, and I should like to see the little grasshopper happy. If I had been in a different position. I would certainly have married her myself, but that was out of the question with my responsibilities to Sir Christopher. I think a little persuasion from my uncle would bring her to accept Gilfil; I know she would never be able to oppose my uncle's wishes. And if they were once married, she's such a loving little thing, she would soon be billing and cooing with him as if she had never known me. It would certainly be the best thing for her happiness if that marriage were hastened. Heighho! Those are lucky fellows that have no women falling in love with them. It's a confounded responsibility."

At this point in his meditations he turned his head a little, so as to get a three-quarter view of his face. Clearly it was the "*dono infelice della bellezza*" that laid these onerous duties upon him—an idea which naturally suggested that he should ring for his valet.

For the next few days, however, there was such a cessation of threatening symptoms as to rally the anxiety both of Captain Wybrow, and Mr Gilfil. All earthly things have their lull: even on nights when the most unappeasable wind is raging, there will be a moment of stillness before it crashes among the boughs again, and storms against the windows, and howls like a thousand lost demons through the key-holes.

Miss Assher appeared to be in the highest good-humour; Captain Wybrow was more assiduous than usual, and was very circumspect in his behaviour to Caterina, on whom Miss Assher bestowed unwonted attentions. The weather was brilliant; there were riding excursions in the mornings and dinner parties in the evenings. Consultations in the library between Sir Christopher and Lady Assher seemed to be leading to a satisfactory result; and it was understood that this visit at Cheverel Manor would terminate in another fortnight, when the preparations for the wedding would be carried forward with all despatch at Farleigh. The baronet seemed every day more radiant! Accustomed to view people who entered into his plans by the pleasant light which his own strong will and bright hopefulness were always casting on the future, he saw nothing but personal charms and promising domestic qualities in Miss Assher, whose quickness of eye and taste in external formed a real ground of sympathy between her and Sir Christopher. Lady Cheverel's enthusiasm never rose above the temperate mark of calm satisfaction, and having quite her share of the critical acumen which characterises the mutual estimates of the fair sex, she had a more moderate opinion of Miss Assher's qualities. She suspected that the fair Beatrice had a sharp and imperious temper; and being herself, on principle and by habitual self-command, the most deferential of wives, she noticed with disapproval Miss Assher's occasional air of authority towards Captain Wybrow. A proud woman who has learned to submit, carries all her pride to the reinforcement of her submission, and looks down with severe superiority on all feminine assumption as "unbecoming." Lady Cheverel, however confined her criticisms to the privacy of her own thoughts, and, with a reticence which I fear may seem incredible, did not use them as a means of disturbing her husband's complacency.

And Caterina! How did she pass these sunny autumn days, in which the skies seemed to be smiling on the family gladness? To her the change in Miss Assher's manner was unaccountable. Those compassionate attentions, those smiling condecensions, were torture to Caterina, who was constantly tempted to repulse them with anger. She thought, "Perhaps Anthony has told her to be kind to poor Tina. This was an insult. He ought to have known that the mere presence of Miss Assher was painful to her, that Miss Assher's smiles scorched her, that Miss Assher's kind words were like poison stings inflaming her to madness. And he—Anthony—he was evidently repenting of the tenderness he had been betrayed into that morning in the drawing-room. He was cold and distant and civil to her, to ward off Beatrice's suspicions, and Beatrice could be so gracious now, because she was sure of Anthony's entire devotion. Well! and so it ought to be—and she ought not to wish it otherwise. And yet—oh, he *was* cruel to her. She could never have behaved so to him. To make her love him so—to speak such tender words—to give her such caresses, and then to behave as if such things had never been. He had given her the poison that seemed so sweet while she was drinking it, and now it was in her blood, and she was helpless."

With this tempest pent up in her bosom, the poor child went up to her room every night, and there it all burst forth. There, with loud whispers and sobs, restlessy pacing up and down lying on the hard floor, courting cold and weariness, she told to the pitiful listening night the anguish which she could pour into no mortal ear. But always sleep came at last, and always in the morning the reactive calm that enabled her to live through the day.

It is amazing how long a young frame will go on battling with this sort of secret wretchedness, and yet show no traces of the conflict for any but sympathetic eye. The very delicacy of Caterina's usual appearance, her natural paleness and habitually quiet mouse-like ways, made any symptoms of fatigue and suffering less noticeable. And her singing—the one thing in which she ceased to be passive, and became prominent—lost none of its energy. She sometimes wondered herself how it was that whether she felt sad or angry, crushed with the sense of Anthony's indifference, or burning with impatience under Miss Assher's attentions, it was always a relief to her to sing. Those full deep notes she sent forth seemed to be lifting the pain from her heart—seemed to be carrying away the madness from her brain.

Thus Lady Cheverel noticed no change in Caterina, and it was only Mr. Gilfil who discerned with anxiety the feverish spot that sometimes rose on her cheek, the deepening violet tint under her eyes, and the strange absent glance, the unhealthy glitter of the beautiful eyes themselves.

But, alas! those agitated nights were producing a more fatal effect than was represented by these slight outward changes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PULPIT WIT.—In Pennsylvania there is a clergyman almost as remarkable for eloquence and eccentricity as Lorenzo Dow himself.—On charity occasions his pathos, wit, and sometimes bitter satire, are sure to win more bank notes and gold coin to the State than the decorous eloquence of half a dozen other men. On a late occasion he was preaching a temperance sermon, which produced unusual effect on the audience. Among other things, he asserted, as a result of his own observation, that a confessedly "moderate drinker" was sure to become a confirmed inebriate within five years after he reached that stage of indulgence.

He was interrupted here by a man in the audience, who started up in great excitement, proclaiming himself a moderate drinker of ten years standing, and one on whom the habit made no progress.

"I say, friend, stand up here and let me have a look at you."

The man made an effort to brave the host of eyes turned upon him, and stood his ground.

"Nearer, man!" cried the minister, beckoning with his finger. "Hold a light up to this brother's face some of you. Step up on the bench and give us a good look."

The moderate drinker was not to be looked down or talked down, and not only mounted the bench but allowed a lamp to be held close to his face.

The minister bent over his cushion, and gave the face a long survey.

"That will do," said he, drawing back, "That will do, my friend, and now I say if I owed the devil a debt of a hundred drunkards, and had paid him ninety-nine, and he wouldn't take you in full payment at the end of five years, I would never pay him."

How to Eat Wisely.

Dr. Hall, in his Journal, gives the following advice:—

1. Never sit down to a table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundred fold intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and, besides, eating, under such circumstances, can only, and will always, prolong and aggravate the condition of things.

2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind or estate.

3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances, is to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more. In ten minutes you will feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness which will be pleasantly surprising to you; not of the transient kind which a glass of liquor affords, but permanent; for the tea gives present stimulus and a little strength, and before it subsides, nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar and cream and bread, thus allowing the body gradually and by safe degrees to regain its usual vigor. Then in a couple of hours, you may take a full meal, provided it does not bring it later than two hours before sundown; if later, then take nothing for that day in addition to the cracker and tea and the next day you will feel a freshness and vigor not recently known.

No reader will require to be advised a second time, who will make a trial as above, while it is a fact of no unusual observation, among intelligent physicians that eating heartily, and under bodily exhaustion is not unfrequently the cause of alarming and painful illness, and sometimes sudden death. These things being so, let every family make it a point to assemble around the family board with kindly feelings, with a cheerful humor, and a courteous spirit; and let that member be sent from it in disgrace who presumes to mar the ought-to-be blest reunion, by sullen silence, or impatient look or angry tone, or complaining tongue.—Eat in thankful gladness, or away with you to the kitchen, you ungrateful, pestilent lout that you are! There was grand and good philosophy in the old time custom of having a buffoon or music at the dinner table.

A Story with a Moral.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men whose uninterrupted success in trade has been the wonder, and afforded material for the gossip of the town for several years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he always minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink Bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters, as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and by the different processes thro' which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough of money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What is the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses and you will soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend.

A RARE REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—We were shown, lately, the cane which General Stark held in his hand before the battle of Bennington, and which he shook at the advancing British army, exclaiming, "Boys, I'll win this fight to-day, or Molly shall be a widow." He won it. It is of jointed Indian wood, resembling bamboo, apparently heavy, but in reality light. Its color is brown, mottled with yellow. The crown is mother-of-pearl. It was bequeathed to Henry H. Hirst, Esq., by Mr. Stevens, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and was delivered to him by Captain Thomas Brown, of this city. Mr. Stevens was a descendant of General Stark. The cane never left the family. Mr. Hirst intends presenting it to the Hall of Independence.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

A young couple were wedded last week in Indiana, and the bridegroom gave the bride a bad name at the very altar. His own name was *Outlaw.*

Sam, how did you like the knife I sold you yesterday? Oh, it wasn't very sharp, but you managed to shave me with it.

An editor in our neighborhood says that he always has his proof ready for whatever he asserts. We understand that his proof is generally *fourth-proof.*

A wag being told by an acquaintance that Miss Brown, (who is rather a broad featured lady,) had a benign countenance, he replied, "Perhaps you mean *seven-by-nine.*"